

# The contented Couckould,

Or a pleasant new Songe of a New-Castle man  
whose wife being gon from him, shewing how he came to London to  
her, & when he found her carried her backe againe to New-Castle Towne.  
To a very pleasant new Tune.



**C**ome hither thou seaman bjaue  
say what do you require,  
I praythe tell me if thou can  
the thing that I desire,  
Sest thou not my true Love,  
sest not my Louer go downe,  
And sest thou not my true loue then  
com thorough New-Castle Towne.

And metest thou not my true Love  
by the way as you came  
How should I know your true Love,  
that haue met many a one,  
She is neyther whit nor black  
but as the heauens faire  
Her looks are very beautifull,  
none may with her compare,

She hath falsed her word  
and left me heere a lone  
And sest thou not my true loue then,  
go thorough New-Castle Towne:

She hath left me heere alone,  
alone heere as you see,  
And sest thou not my true loue then,  
since she hath forsaken mee,

Sure I saw your true love,  
or else I saw such a one  
In a gown and petticoat gay,  
go thorough New-Castle Towne.

She went toward the sea  
And thither ward did she bend  
And with a very bjaue Coale shippe  
to London she is wende

For when she went aboy:  
she mickle was and merry,  
Sure I did with then verily  
she had bene in my toberre,  
It is now lust two dayes since  
that the ship went away,  
That now a very great way of,  
she is steeting on the sea,

That was my true love,  
That was my true love  
Though she hath now forsaken me,  
and change me for a new  
I neuer gave her cause,  
why she should me forsake  
But now alas she is gone to sea,  
and an other cause hath take.

But sure the winds and fates  
do both together agree  
Thus to carry a way my love  
that hath forsaken me  
But though the winds,  
do with the fates agree  
Yet will I neuer forsake my love,  
though she hath forsaken me.

Why hath she left you alone,  
an other for to take  
What sometimes did love you so deare  
and her for did you make,

I loved her all my youth  
But now am old you see,  
Love liketh not the falling fruit  
nor yet the withered tree.

She is like a careless child  
forgets her promise past  
She's blind, she's death, when as she  
and in faith neuer last, (11)  
Her desires is fitchel sound  
and a truelles toy,  
I won her with a world of cares  
and lost her with a toy.

But since I haue her love  
I bowe her for to follow,  
Be it by land or else by sea  
or yet thorough deep or shallow.  
And if I see her stand  
I recount her for min stone,  
And then ill bring her back againe  
unto New-Castle Towne,

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the thing that I desire,  
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least not my Louer go downe,  
And least thou not my true loue then  
com thorough New-Castle Towne.

And metest thou not my true Love  
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The Second part. To the same Tune.



**T**he saylor rige the ship,  
and thy tactics do provide  
I tell you true that I do meane,  
for to go the next tide,  
Spred forth your sayles abroad,  
and dyve into the mayn,  
I pray you for to make great hast,  
wey anchor thou lolly boat swayn.  
For I think every howver,  
for to be seaven yeare,  
Unill that I do find my lone,  
I shall be in great feare,  
For I do her for to seeke,  
I know not which way nor to beat her,  
But I would the windes and fates,  
would grapple our ships togethet.  
For many a boykrous blast,  
here do I abide for thee  
Tossing and tumbling on the sek,  
though thou hast forsaaken me:  
Pee greater paines I will,  
five hundred times indure,  
So I may win the lone againe,  
and therof be made surr.  
But when that thou dost heare,  
the paines that I doe take,  
for to finde thee out againe,  
thou wilt never me forsake,  
And now to see the seas,  
both smooth they are and plaine,  
Sure they do Calculat that I,  
shall find my lone againe.  
And now at Cranford towne,  
wee are arrived at last  
Let us with hartie prayers to God,  
give thanks for dangers past,  
Now farewell seamen all,  
adew, may this adew,  
And if I chance to finde my lone,  
Ile carry her back with you.

FINIS.

For I will go down this tide,  
although that it be late,  
Where all the way he slept untill,  
he came to Billingsgate,  
But ere that he came there,  
twas early in the morning,  
When he went up and down the street,  
as on that was forborne.  
First went he into Cheapside,  
thinking his lone to finde,  
And after that to London-Ron,  
to satise his minde,  
So strayd thorough silver street,  
he pased all along,  
Where it was his chance to met,  
his lone with a seastrangerman.  
But when the man espied  
her husband was so nye,  
When he made no more ado,  
but ran away presently,  
Which when her husband spied,  
unto his wife he came,  
And kiss her their most lovingly,  
who blisht for very shame.  
If that you will me forgive,  
and count me for your owne,  
I would go backe againe with you,  
unto New-Castle Towne,  
At which wordes he was fullglad,  
that she so soone was wone,  
Then prettily sweet go back againe,  
unto New-Castle Towne.  
Thus were they both a greed,  
to go together home,  
where wee will leave them for a while,  
going to New-Castle Towne.  
Thus was the poore man glad,  
that he had got his wife home,  
But he for a cockold ever went,  
in late New-Castle Towne.

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